

PROG 489
27 SEP 86

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

51.60 Malaysia
70c Australia
27c New Zealand
(inc. G.S.T.)
80p Mercury
210p Venus
60p Mars
110p Saturn
20p Pluto
425p Neptune

26p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

**THE GOD
BEAST
MUST DIE!**



O'NEILL

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

For 20 weeks now the Squaxx dek Thargo, the loyal backbone of my cosmic comic, have followed a quest for revenge in *Strontium Dog*. I know from the deluge of letters which swamped the Command Module during that time how many of you were disturbed by the demise of Wulf Sternhammer. Some of you expressed anger that such an event should ever have been allowed to take place – others simply expressed sorrow at the passing of this giant among characters. A few even went so far as to plead for Wulf's resurrection...as if I, Tharg the Thrill-Powered, would ever use such a clumsy device! No, the fact must be faced: Wulf Sternhammer is dead. However, it may be that you can draw some consolation from watching Johnny Alpha track down Wulf's murderers in the story which reaches its stunning climax today, beginning on the facing page. Cancel all other engagements, Earthlets, and prepare your circuits for the final episode of... "Rage".

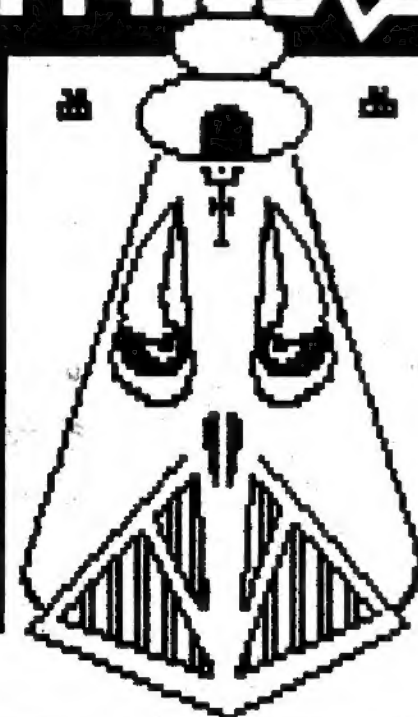
SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

Start

THARG

BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEEHIVE!

From Earthlet Joel Smith,
Heathfield. £10 Winner.



THARG THE AMAZING!

From Earthlet Paul Grosvenor, Bluff, South Africa. £10 Winner.



HERE COMES RHYMIN' ALAN...

Dear Tharg,

A poem...

What's it like to be green and be seen?

What's it like to be green, O Tharg?

Are you proud or ashamed when your colour is proclaimed,

Or do you just sizzle 'em with a Rigelian Hotshot?

From talented Earthlet Alan Mitchell, Edinburgh.
£5 Winner.

The majority of poetic offerings received in the Command Module are of a very low standard. Many are not worth the paper they were written on, much less £5 in Galactic Groats. It's refreshing, therefore, to discover verse of this high standard, even if it isn't easy to spot the rhyme at the end.

POET SCORNER

Dear Greeny,

Here is a short verse called 'Ode To John Howard'...

Dredd, you're a Judge, and you are the Law,

But as a character you're simply a bore.

I think it's the fault of T. B. Grover –

He's not a script droid, but a bit of a Bozo.

If you think he's good, then you are a berk,

And you, old Green Bonce, are a bit of a nerk.

So come on then, Thargy, or are you a coward?

Bring back that script droid – the zarjaz John Howard,

Or else!

From curious Earthlet Simon Day, Leeds. £0.10

Winner.

Please peruse the answer to the letter printed above,

and use your prize money to replace the paper upon

which this grexnix gibberish was written.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age Is.....

489

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Strontium Dog

RAGE

DRAGAN'S WORLD, WHERE
JOHNNY ALPHA HAS WHITTLED
HIS PARTNER'S KILLERS DOWN
TO ONE MAN — MAX BUBBA.

HELL! HE'S
STILL COMIN'!
I'LL NEVER
OUTRUN
HIM!

HAVE TO
MAKE A
STAND HERE.
AMBUSH
HIM!

HE WAITS, FIGHTING BACK THE NAUSEA, TRYING TO IGNORE
THE BURNING IN HIS SHATTERED SHOULDER. LISTENING...

SKIMMER
ENGINE'S GETTING
LOUDER! OKAY,
ALPHA...

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT BOB
ALAN GRANT
ART BOB
CARLOS EZQUERRA
LETTERING BOB
GORDON ROBSON
COMPU-73e





YA MEAN...YOU'RE LETTIN' ME GO?

OH NO, YOU'RE GOIN' TO DIE, BUBBA!



FOR THE CRIMES YOU'VE COMMITTED, NOBODY DESERVES TO DIE MORE!



ALL I'M SAYIN' IS—DEATH'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU!



FOUR DAYS LATER, IN THE DRAGON'S BEACH MED-POST—

PATIENT'S COMING ROUND NOW, DOCTOR!

HOW... DID I... GET HERE?

A STRONTIUM DOG REPORTED THREE BODIES. YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WITH ANY LIFE LEFT IN IT!

WE'VE REPLACED YOUR SHOULDERS WITH ARTIFICIAL JOINTS—NOT AS GOOD A JOB AS YOU'LL GET OFF-PLANET, BUT IT'LL HOLD!

YOU HAVE A SLIGHT FRACTURE OF THE SKULL, TOO. YOU WERE LUCKY—THE BULLET ONLY GRAZED YOU!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! ALPHA MADE A MISTAKE—AN' I'M ALIVE! ALIVE!

IT IS A FURTHER MONTH BEFORE MAX
BUBBA IS FIT TO LEAVE THE MED-POST —

DOCTOR!
MR BUBBA'S
GONE — AND
SO'S THE
CASHBOX!

BACK ON THE
STREETS AGAIN!
I MUST BE THE
LUCKIEST GUY
ALIVE!

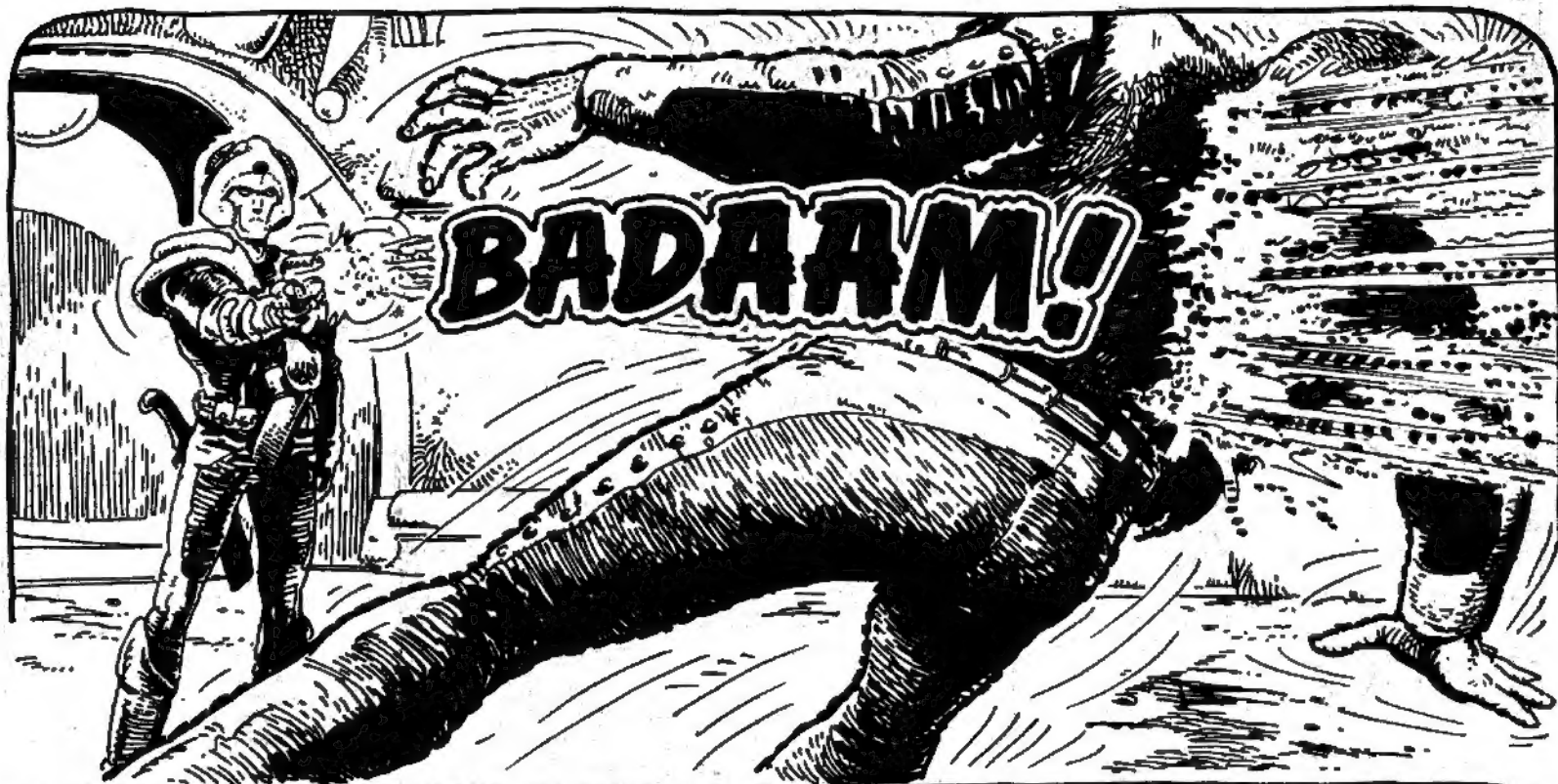
MAX
BUBBA!

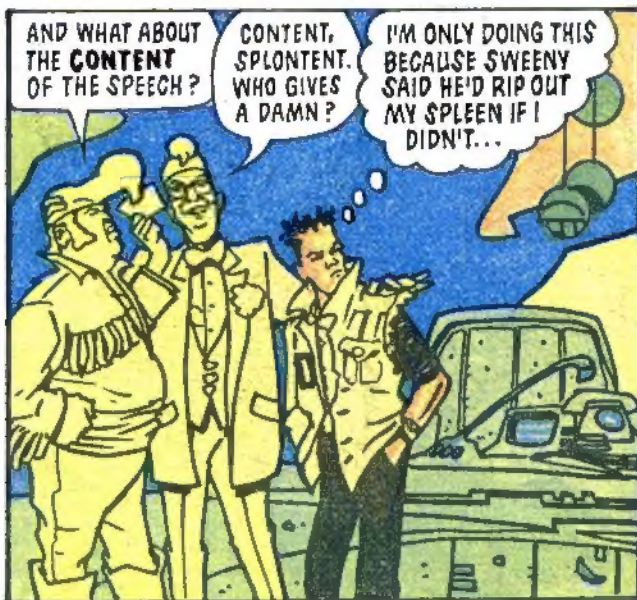
ALPHA—
NO!

I'VE
COME TO
KILL YOU,
BUBBA.

WHY, ALPHA—WHY
ARE YOU DOIN' THIS
TO ME? WHY ARE
YOU TORTURIN'
ME THIS WAY?

BECAUSE I
HATE YOU.





SPRINGER
GOOD NATURED ON THE OUTSIDE
BUT DON'T BE DECEIVED

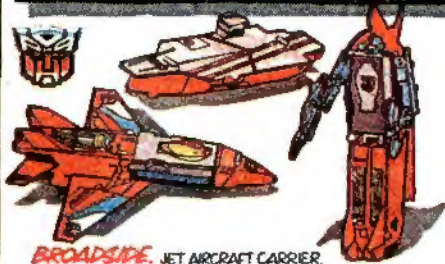
THE TRANS™ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE FORMERS

1
HE'S A CAR.

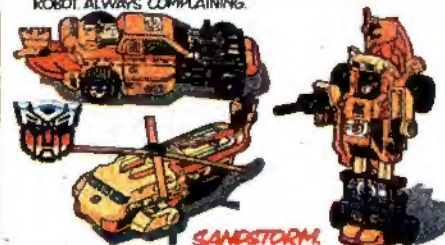
2
HE'S A
HELICOPTER.

3
A FEROCIOUS
WARRIOR

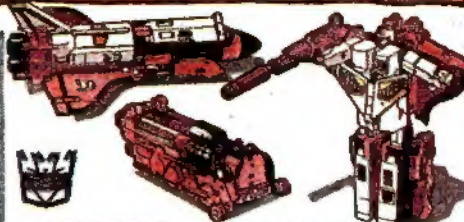
NEW TRIPLE CHANGERS



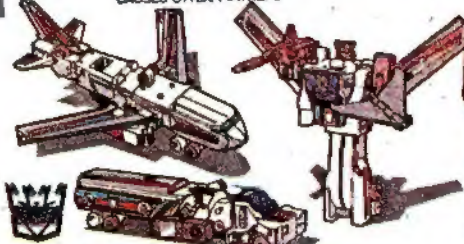
BROADSIDE. JET AIRCRAFT CARRIER.
ROBOT ALWAYS COMPLAINING.



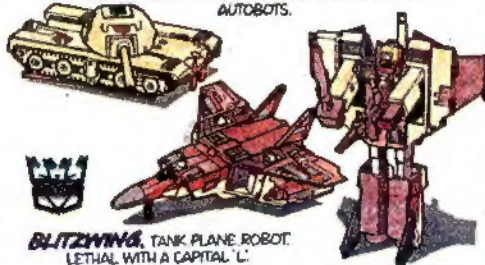
SANDSTORM.
HELICOPTER BUGGY ROBOT TOTALLY FEARLESS.



ASTROTRAIN. SPACE SHUTTLE TRAIN ROBOT.
CAUSES UZZER MAYHEM.



OCTANE. TANKER JET ROBOT. PICKS ON SMALL
AUTOBOTS.



BLITZWING. TANK PLANE ROBOT.
LETHAL WITH A CAPITAL 'L'.



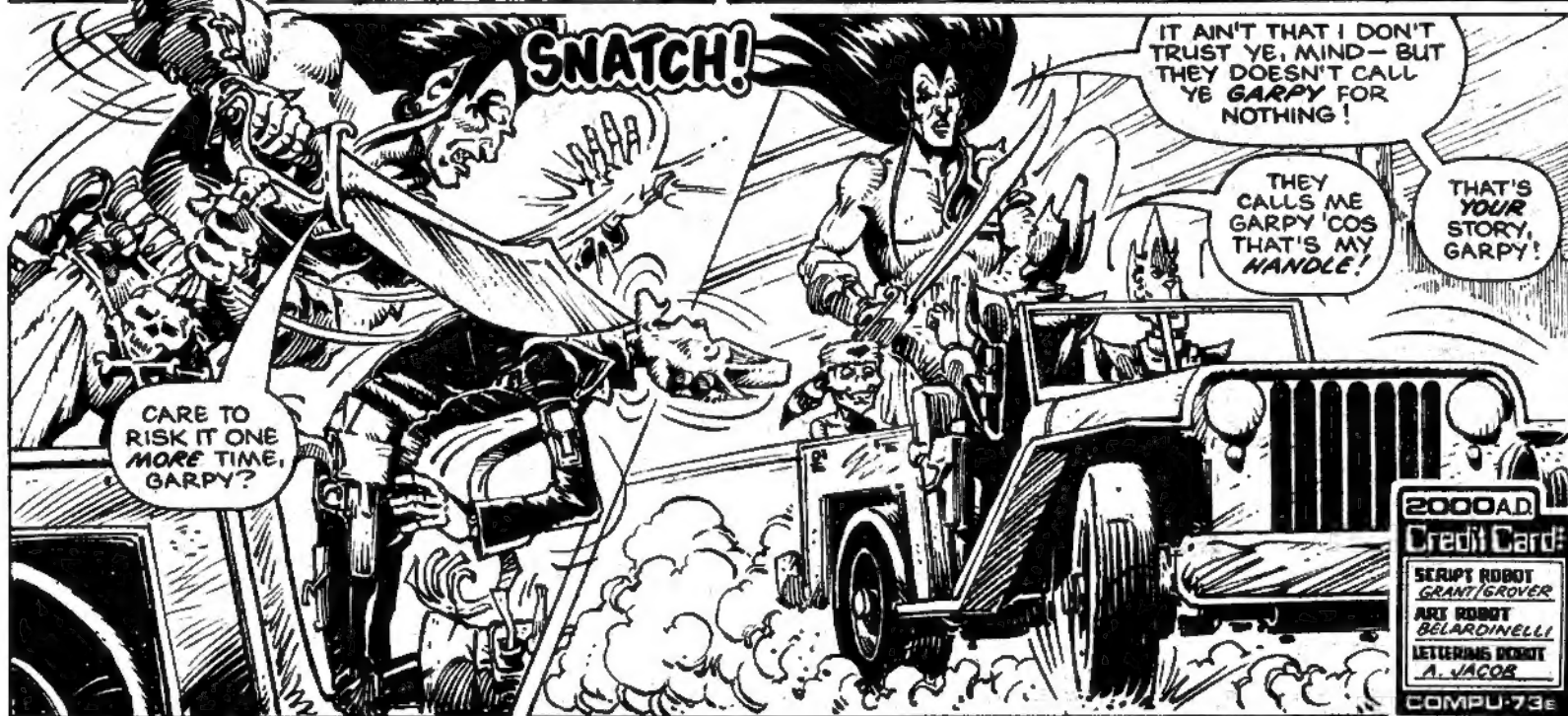
COLLECT ALL 6 TRIPLE CHANGERS. THEY'RE IN THE SHOPS NOW!



WOKINGHAM,
BERKSHIRE.

ACE TRUCKING C^o The Garpetbaggers

SCENE 14: PLANET EARTH, THE STATE OF MOVIEOLA. OUR HEROES BOIL OUT OF SILENT CITY WITH THE TREASURE MAP SAFELY BACK IN THEIR HANDS—











THARG'S
FUTURE-SHOCKS

**CONVERSATION
PIECE!**

IT'S VERY IMPRESSIVE.
OUR 3SPOUSE SAW ONE
AT CELEBRATIONINGS,
SUGGESTED I COME TO
BEHOLD IT.

OF COURSE, MAKING
THEM IS ONLY A
HOBBY. BUT I DO LIKE
TO THINK IT IS AN
ORIGINAL ART FORM.

DO YOU CREATE
THE ENTIRETY
YOURSELF?

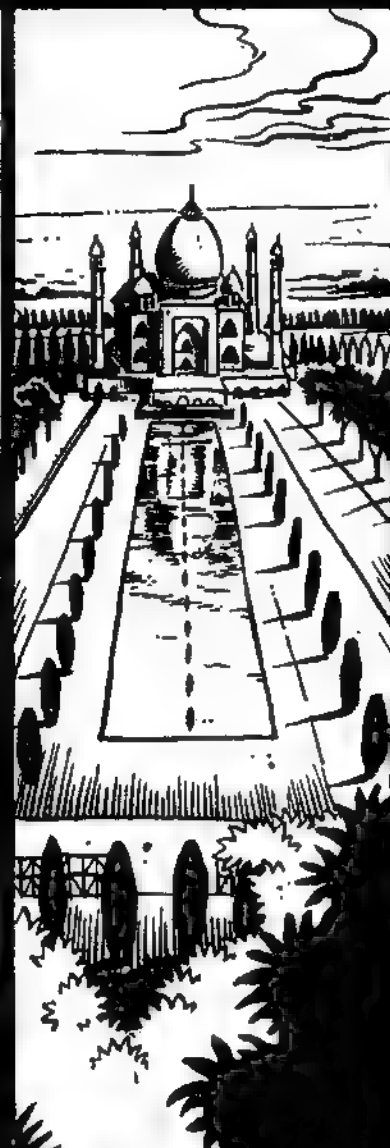
OH INDEED NO. I
PURCHASE JUNKED
PLANETS IN BULK.
I USED TO MAKE MY
OWN, BUT WELL,
WAITING FOR DUST
MOLECULES TO CONGEAL
IS SO DULL, WOULDN'T
YOU SAY?

ANYWAY, THE
EFFECTS I AM
PROUDEST OF
CONCERN THE
DETAIL
WORK.



YES, MINUTIAE
WORKMANSHIP.
3SPOUSE MENTIONED
SUCH TO ME. IT IS
EFFECTED BY
YOURSELF?

GOODNESS, NO.
IT'S FAR TOO SMALL
FOR THAT. HERE, LOOK
AT SOME OF THESE
AREAS... LOVELY
STUFF, ISN'T IT?



YOU SEE IT'S ALL
BUILT BY MEANS OF
HOMUNCULI -
SUCH TINY CREATURES
YOU WOULD SCARCELY
CREDIT IT!

ALL I DO IS
INTRODUCE LIFE-
FORCE TO THE
PLANET. WAIT
WHILE IT EVOLVES
INTO THESE
HOMUNCULI...

SCRIPT ROBOT
NEIL GAIMAN

ART ROBOT
DAVID WYATT

LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRAME

THE LITTLE CREATURES ARE IMPELLED INSTINCTIVELY TO BUILD DETAILED STRUCTURES LIKE THESE.

THEN, ONE FREEZES THE PLANET, KILLING ALL LIFE ON IT, AND PRESERVING IT FOR ARTISTIC POSTERITY!

YOU KILL EVERYTHING?

YES. I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRUEL, BUT, TO BE FRANK, KNOWING WHEN TO FREEZE THE PLANET IS THE TRICKIEST ASPECT OF THE HOBBY.

LEAVE IT JUST A MOMENT TOO LATE AND...



OH DWARK IT! IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN. THE HOMUNCULES BLOW EVERYTHING UP.

DO THEY ALWAYS DO THAT?



ALWAYS. NOBODY KNOWS WHY. THEY JUST DO.



AH. IS FASCINATING. ANYWAY, MY 35SPOUSE WISHES TO HAVE TWO OF THESE PLANETS IN OUR ABODE, FOR THE NEXT CELEBRATING... IS POSSIBLE?



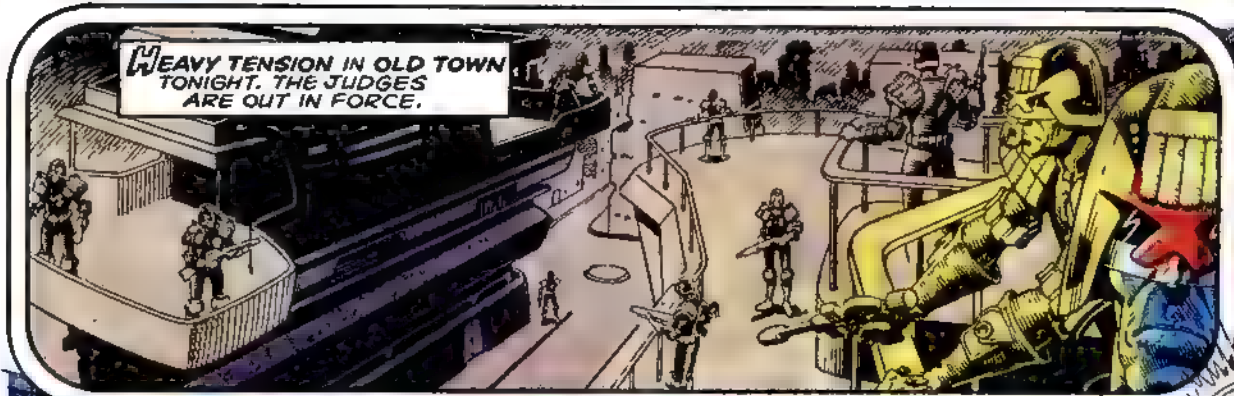
OF COURSE. I'LL DO THEM NOW. IT WILL TAKE, OH, ABOUT TWO MILLION YEARS...



DO YOU WANT TO COLLECT THEM?

NO. I AM IN NO HURRY. WILL LINGER FOR THEM. PERHAPS I COULD HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE WHILE I'M WAITING...



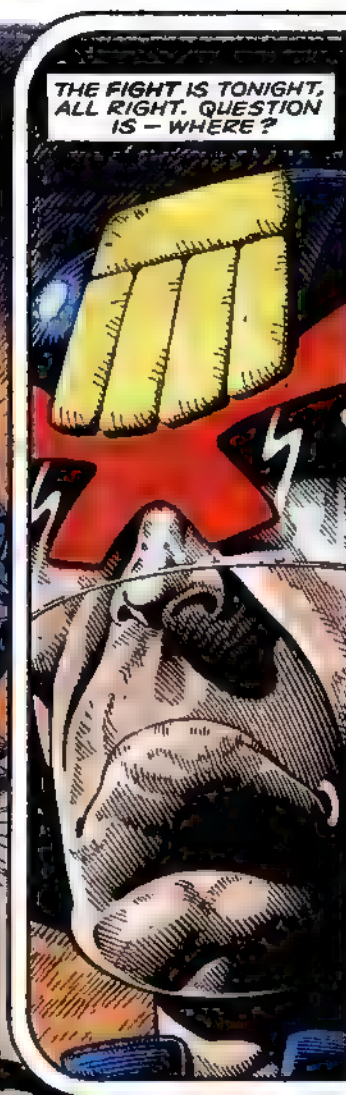
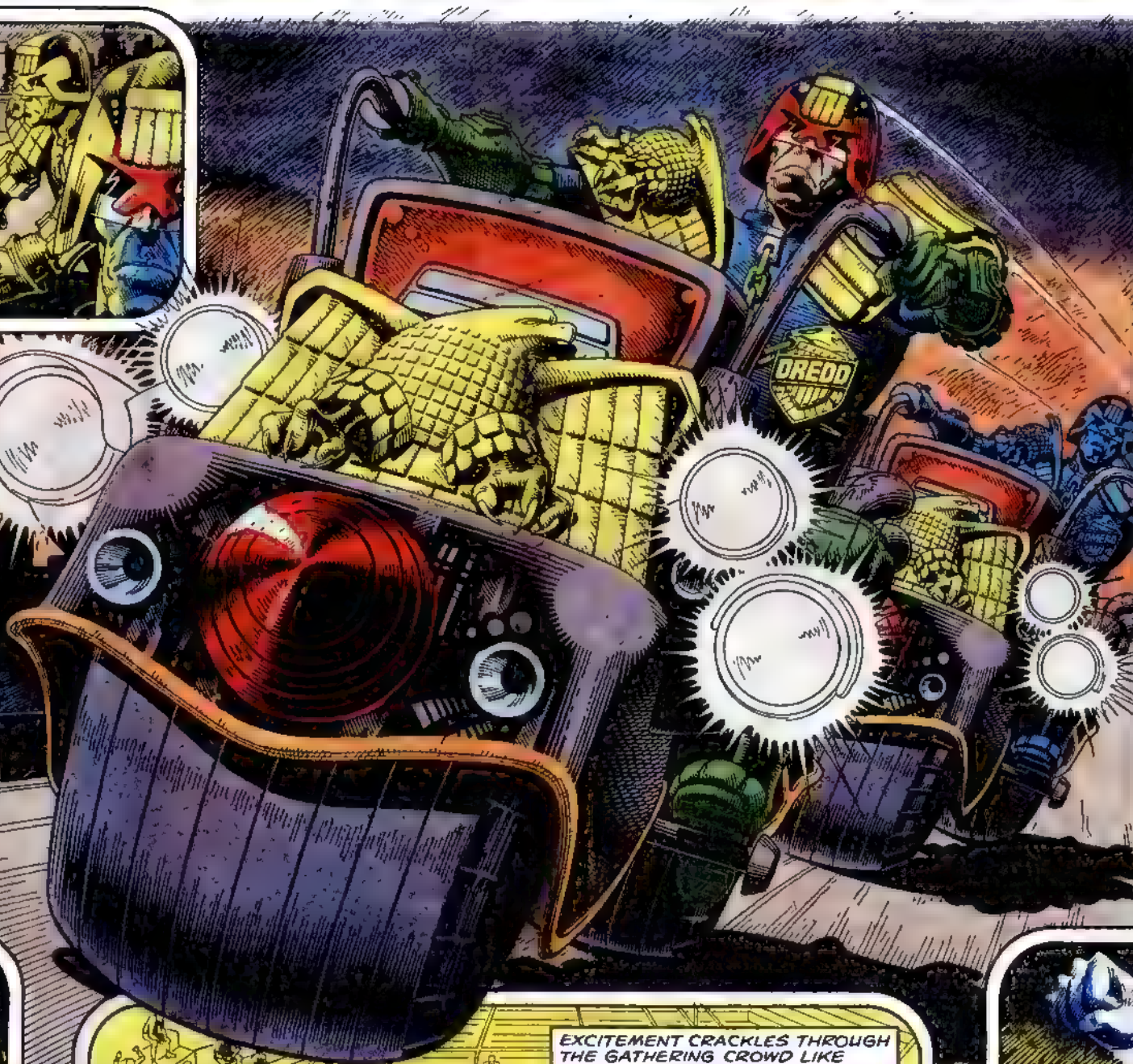


HEAVY TENSION IN OLD TOWN
TONIGHT. THE JUDGES
ARE OUT IN FORCE.

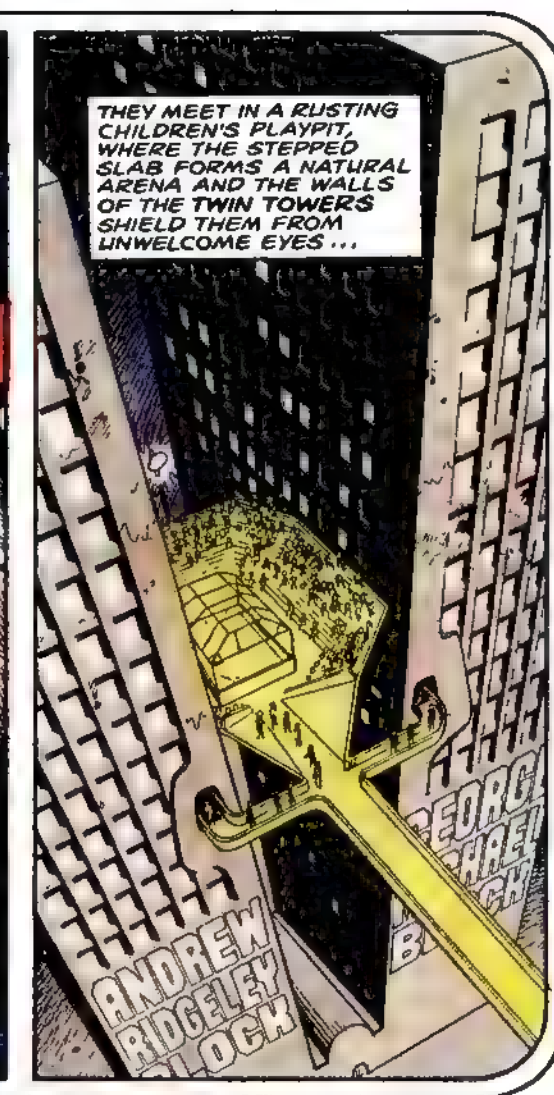
OF COURSE, THERE'S ALWAYS
TENSION IN OLD TOWN, BUT
TONIGHT YOU COULD CUT IT
WITH A KNIFE. AND ALL WEEK
THERE'S BEEN A BUZZ ON
THE STREETS...

"SATURDAY"...
"CRIPPEN AND TURK"...
"SATURDAY"...

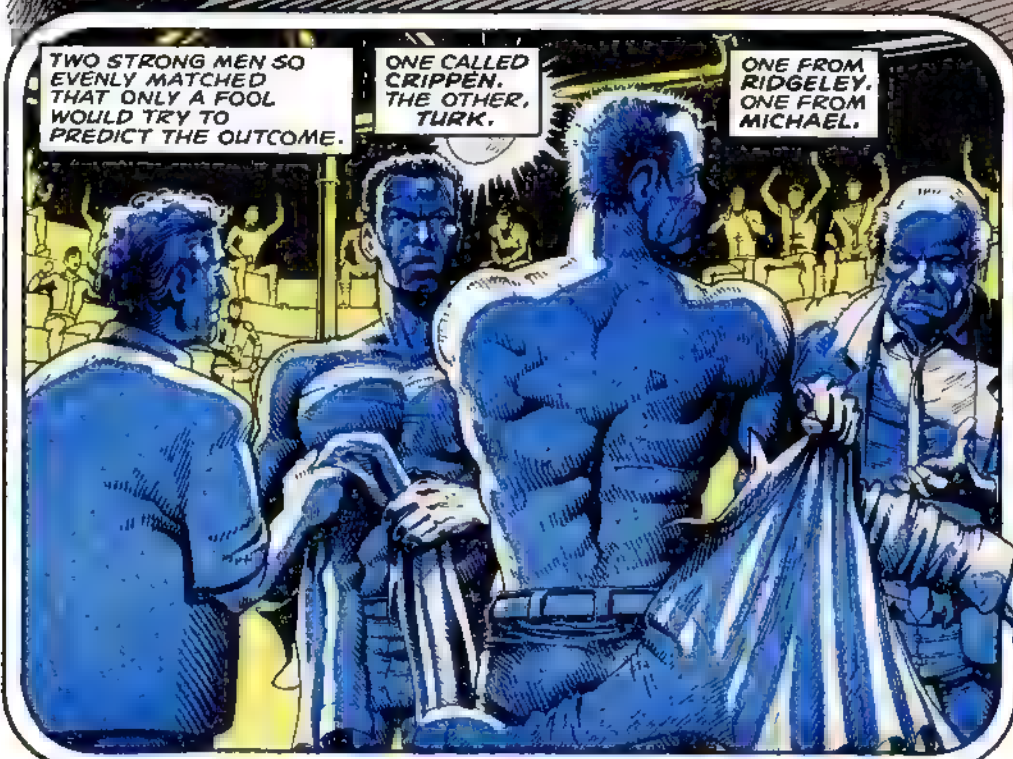
JUDGE DREDD



THE FIGHT IS TONIGHT.
ALL RIGHT. QUESTION
IS - WHERE?



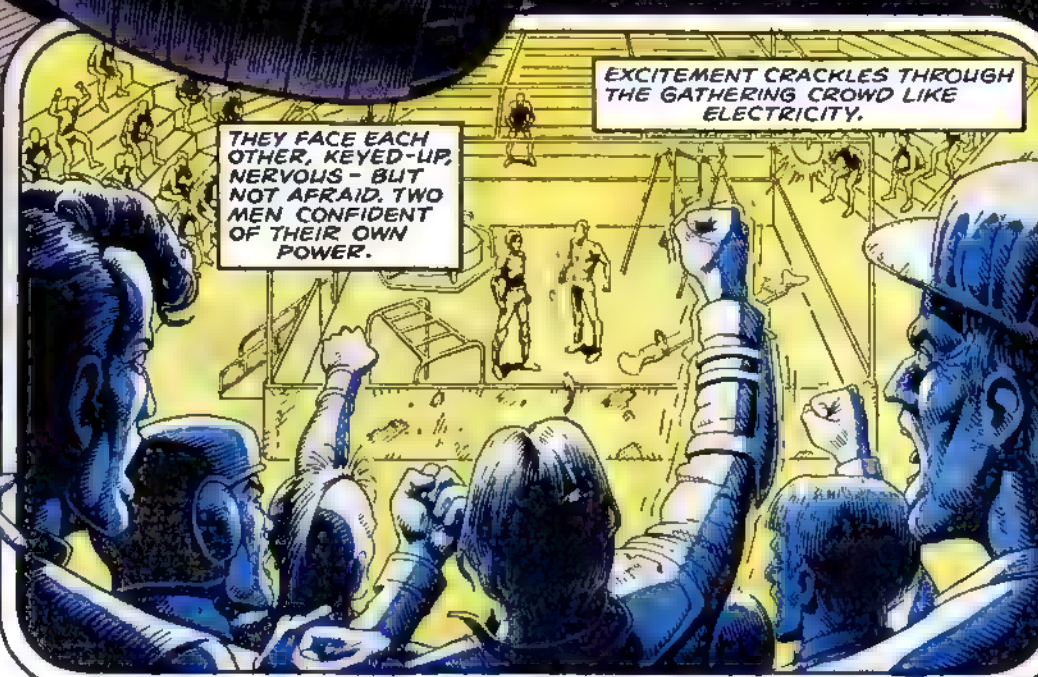
THEY MEET IN A RUSTING
CHILDREN'S PLAYPIT,
WHERE THE STEPPED
SLAB FORMS A NATURAL
ARENA AND THE WALLS
OF THE TWIN TOWERS
SHIELD THEM FROM
UNWELCOME EYES...



TWO STRONG MEN SO
EVENLY MATCHED
THAT ONLY A FOOL
WOULD TRY TO
PREDICT THE OUTCOME.

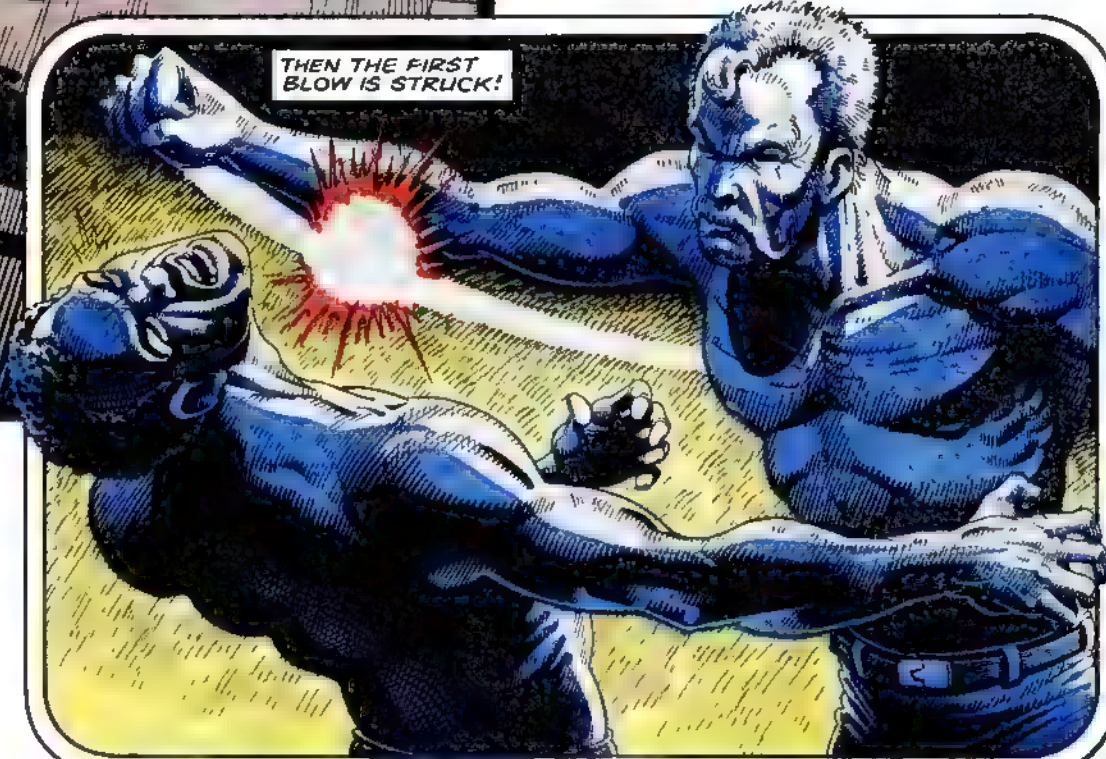
ONE CALLED
CRIPPEN.
THE OTHER,
TURK.

ONE FROM
RIDGELEY.
ONE FROM
MICHAEL.



THEY FACE EACH
OTHER, KEYED-UP,
NERVOUS - BUT
NOT AFRAID. TWO
MEN CONFIDENT
OF THEIR OWN
POWER.

EXCITEMENT CRACKLES THROUGH
THE GATHERING CROWD LIKE
ELECTRICITY.



THEN THE FIRST
BLOW IS STRUCK!

HIGH ABOVE OLD TOWN,
A JUSTICE DEPT H-WAGON
MONITORS —

WE'VE GOT A PATTERN
DEVELOPING.

TWO HUNDRED PLUS
INDIVIDUALS GATHERED
OR CONVERGING ON
GRID REF
413/890.

DREDD
HERE.
WE'LL
CHECK
IT.

MURGY! QUICK!
IT'S THEM!
CRIPPEN AND
TURK — IT'S
STARTED!

WORD SPREADS THROUGH
THE TWIN TOWERS —

CRIPPEN FOR
RIDGELEY!

TURK! TURK!
TURK!

TURK'S
DOWN!

FINISH HIM,
CRIP!

IN
WITH THE
BOOT!

KILL HIM!
KILL HIM!

CRIPPEN OF
RIDGELEY IGNORES
THE HOWLING MOB.
THIS COMBAT IS NONE
OF HIS CHOOSING.
IF HE MUST FIGHT,
THEN HE'LL DO IT
FAIRLY.



SOMEHOW, HE
SENSES THE
SAME OF TURK.

NO WEAPONS,
NO TRICKS.

JUST MAN
AGAINST MAN.



AT LEAST THAT WAY THIS SAVAGE BLOCKRITE CAN RETAIN... A KIND OF HONOUR.

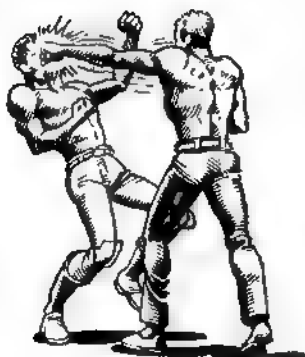


THERE HAD BEEN A LOT OF BAD FEELING BETWEEN RIDGELEY AND MICHAEL, THE TWIN BLOCKS WHICH ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS. IT HAD TO BE SETTLED.

GRUD KNOWS WHAT FACELESS BLOCK COMMITTEE HAD CHOSEN THIS METHOD, OR WHY IT SHOULD BE CRIPPEN AND TURK. THEIR REPUTATIONS AS FIGHTERS? MEN WHO KNEW HOW TO STAND UP FOR THEMSELVES?

BUT SOON EVERY RESIDENT OF THE TWIN TOWERS KNEW. IT HAD BECOME A MATTER OF BLOCK HONOUR. THERE WAS NO BACKING OUT.





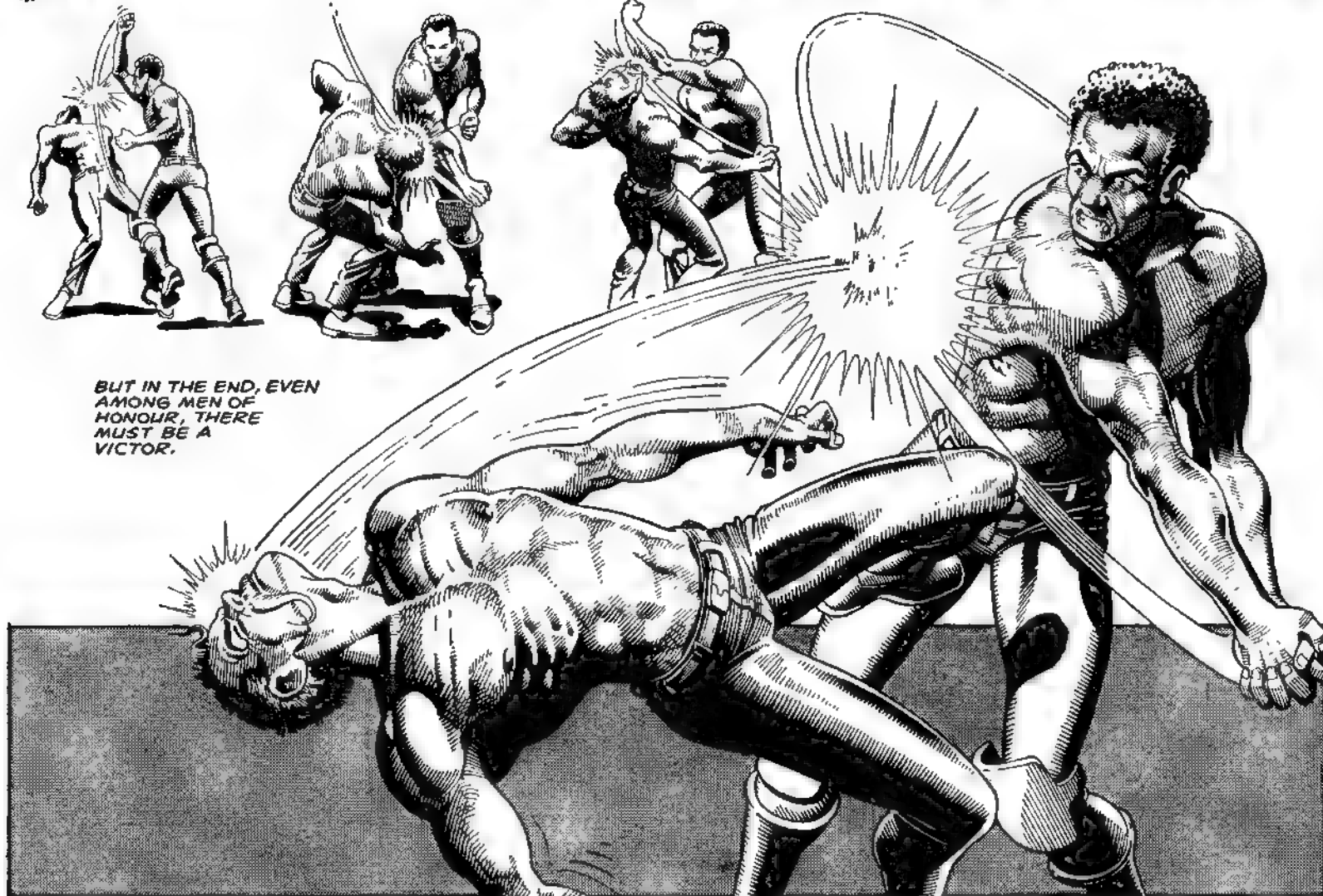
AND SO THEY
FIGHT, WITH THE
WEIGHT OF THEIR
BLOCKS RESTING
ON THEIR
SHOULDERS. MEN
OF HONOUR...

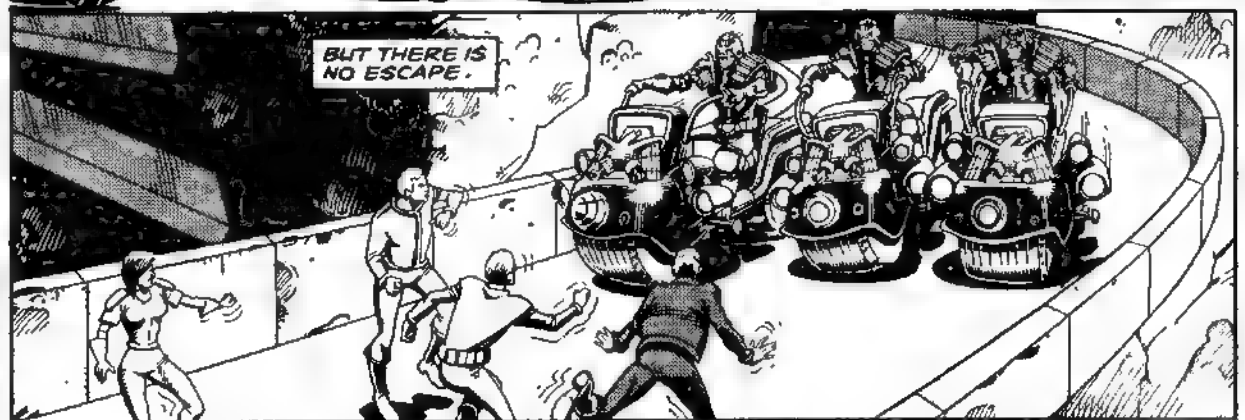
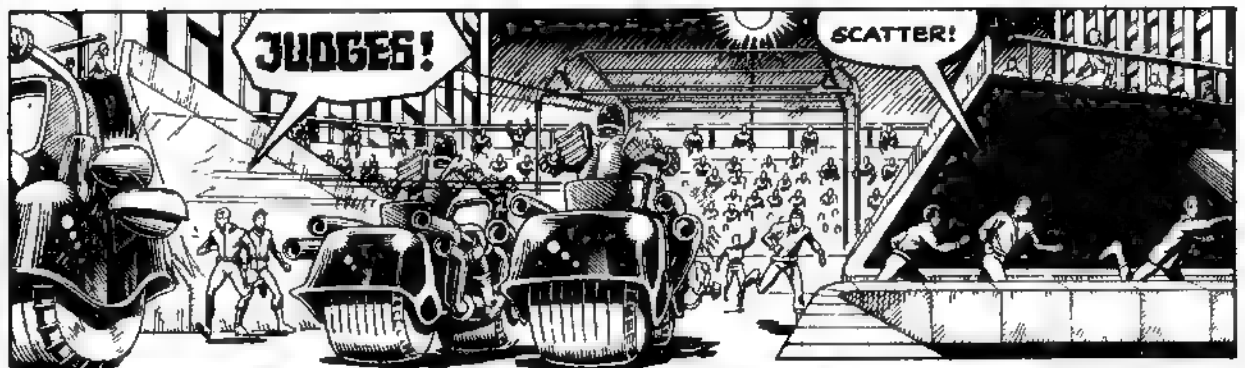


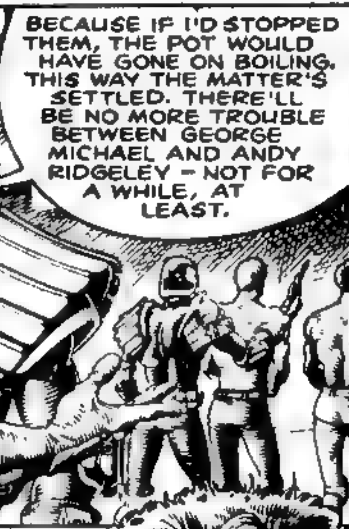
STRANGE HOW
TWO SUCH AS
THEY SHOULD
HAVE COME
TOGETHER
AMIDST THIS
SEA OF
SAVAGERY.

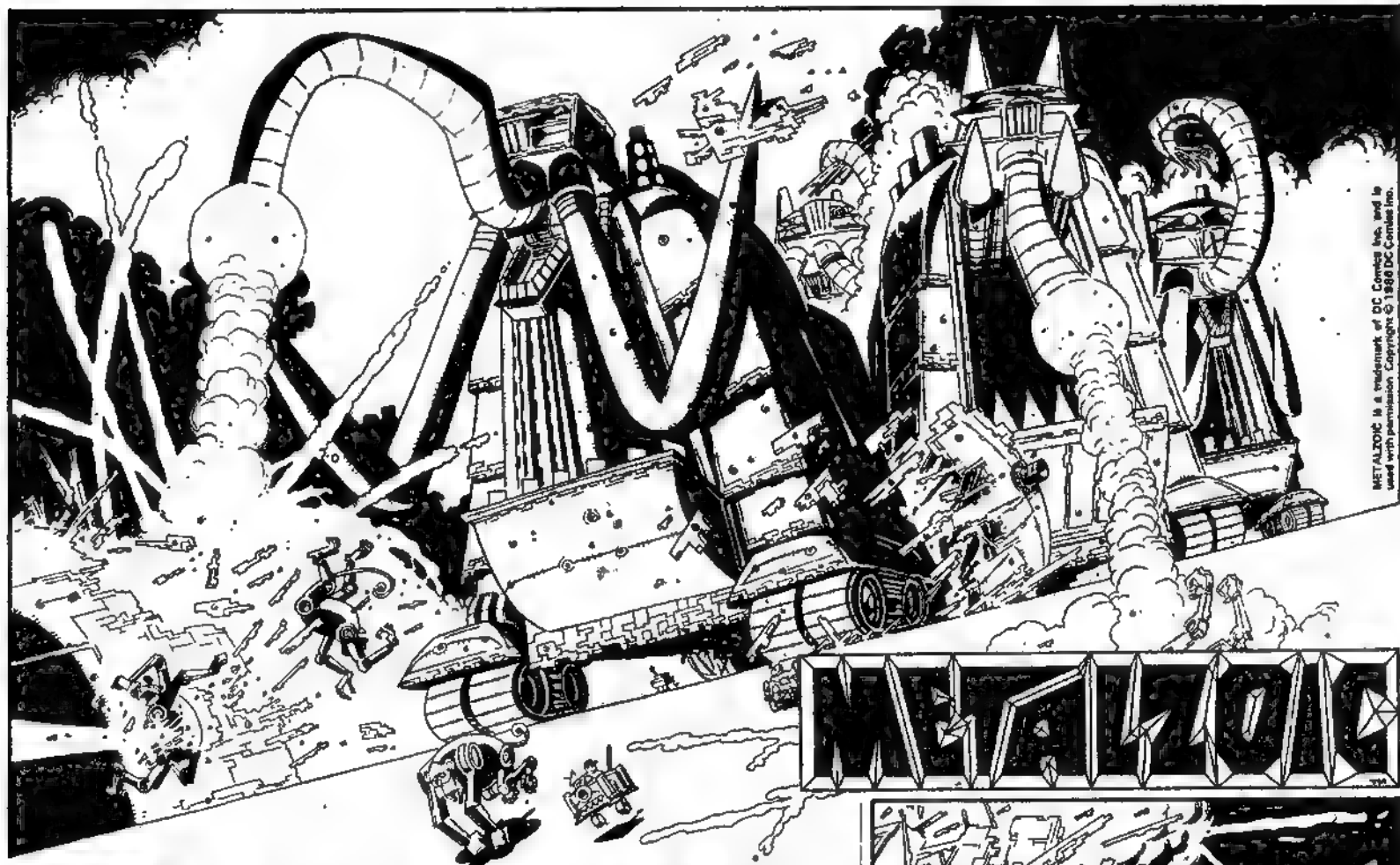


BUT IN THE END, EVEN
AMONG MEN OF
HONOUR, THERE
MUST BE A
VICTOR.



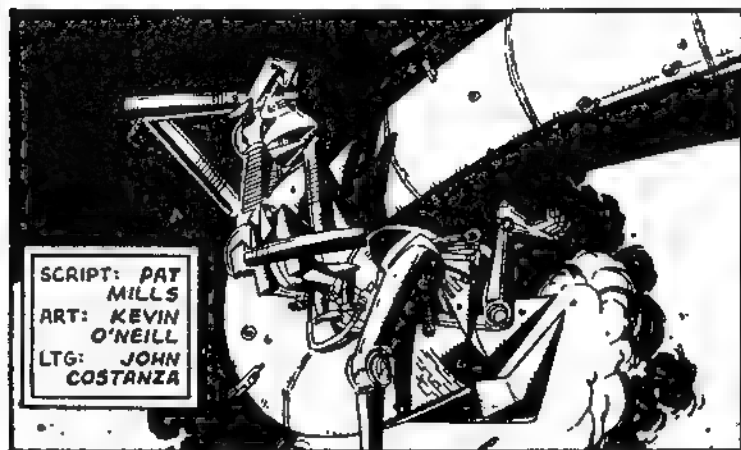
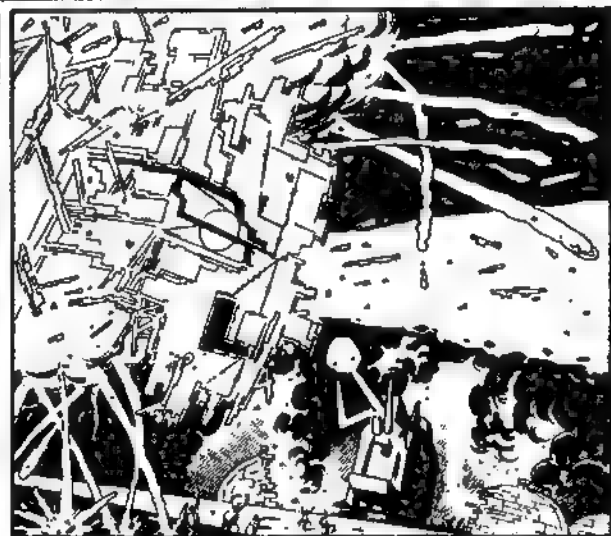
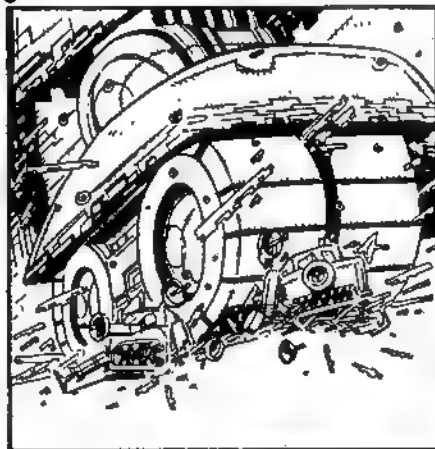
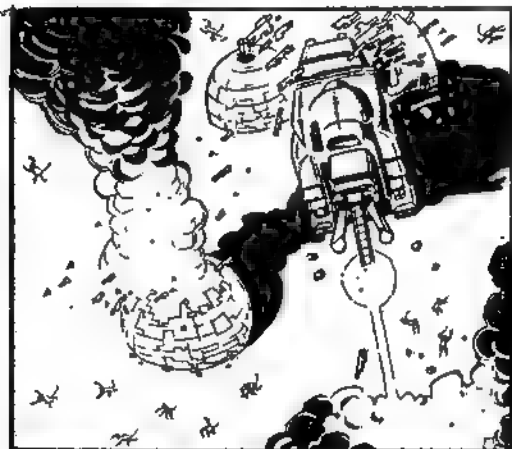




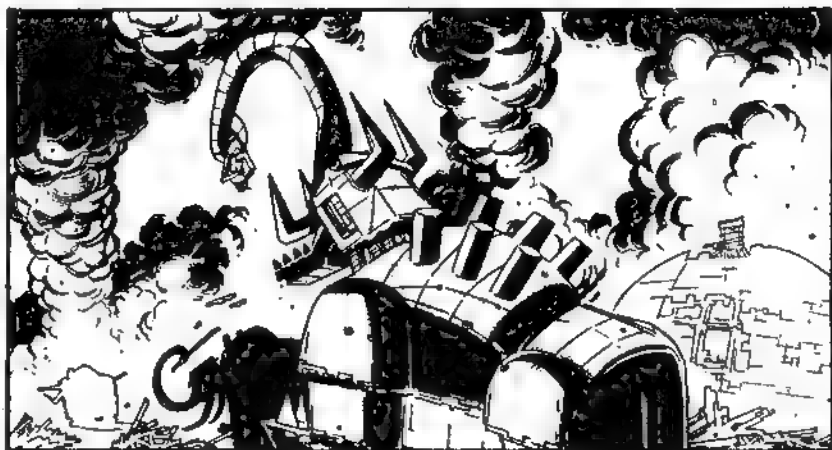


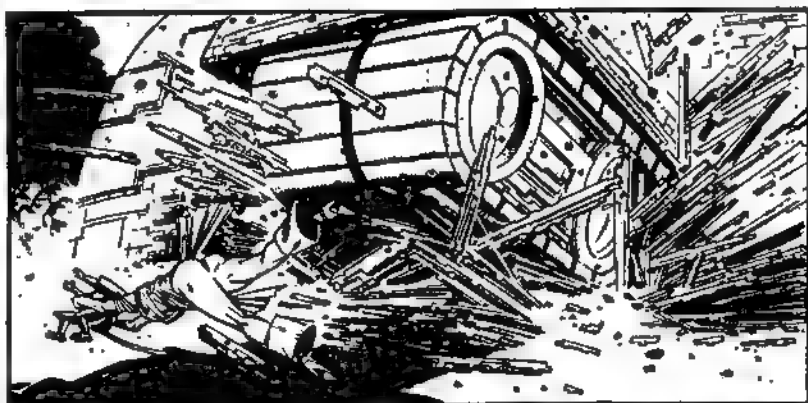
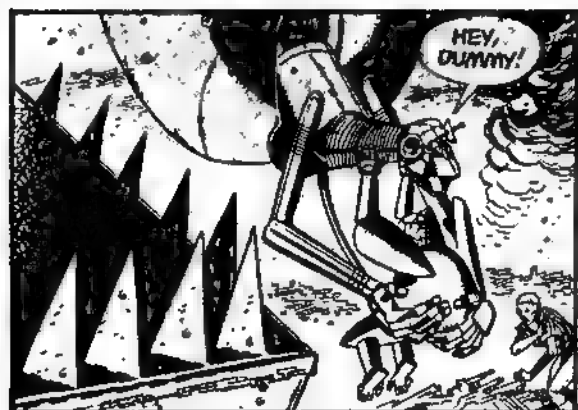
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METALOID



SCRIPT: PAT
MILLS
ART: KEVIN
O'NEILL
LTG: JOHN
COSTANZA







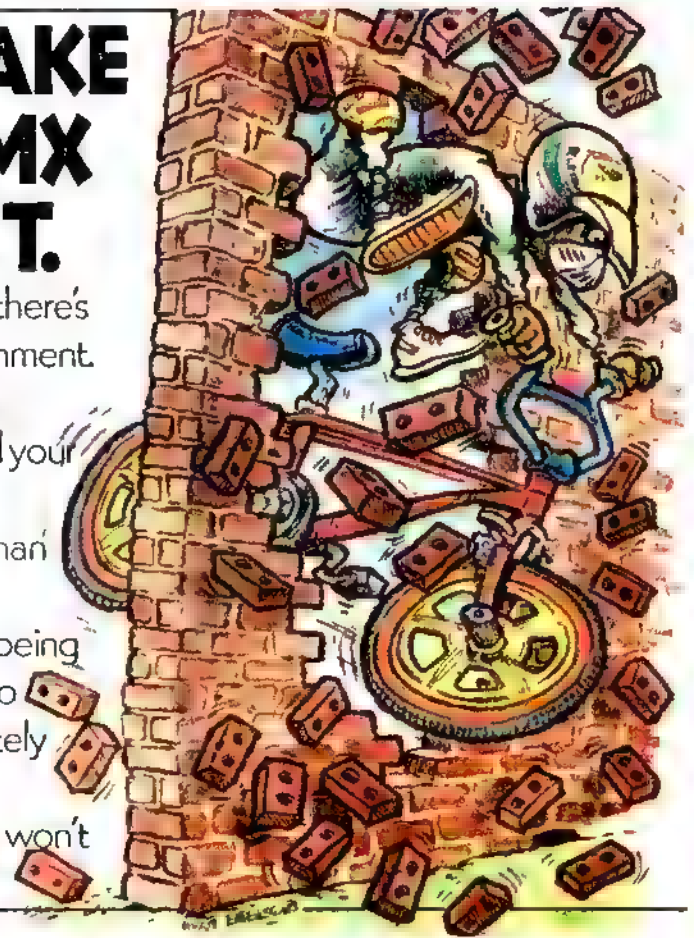
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You'll find it dead easy to use without being messy, too. It has an extension tube fitted onto the aerosol nozzle. So you can apply it accurately and not waste any.

OK lads. Put it to the test. Your mates won't see you for dust.



BETELGEUSIAN MINISTRY OF HEALTH
URGENT WARNING DANGER —
DEADLY NEW SPECIES OF THRILL-SUCKER
PLAGUING UNIVERSE
DON'T LEAVE
HOME WITHOUT

2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

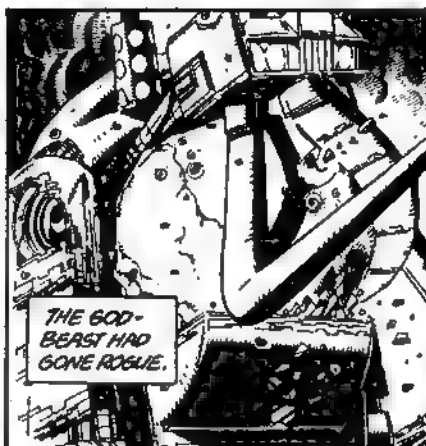
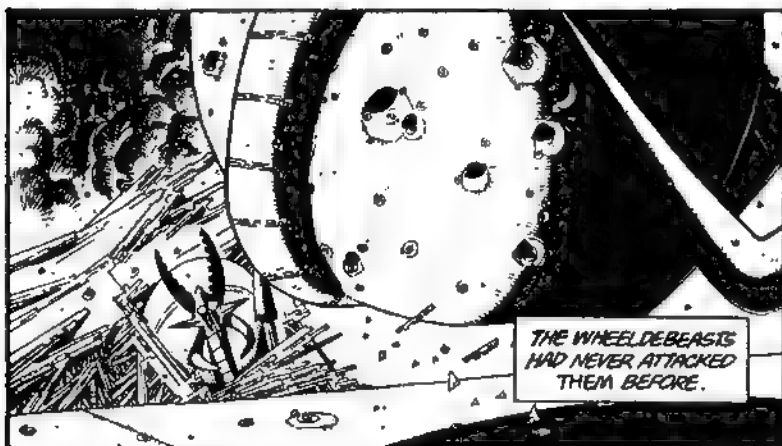
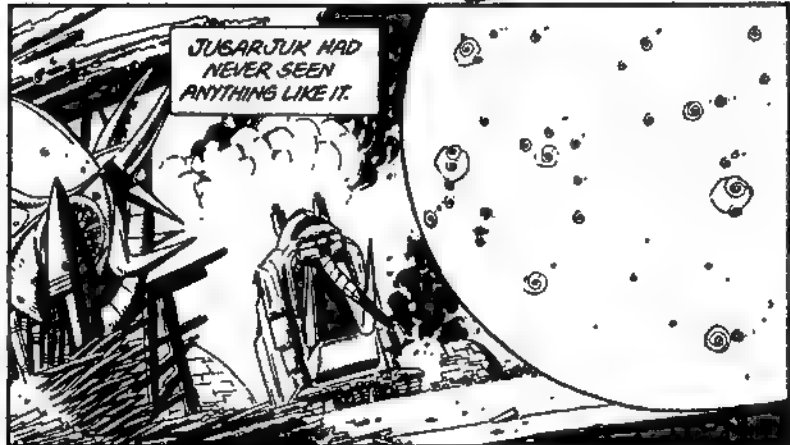
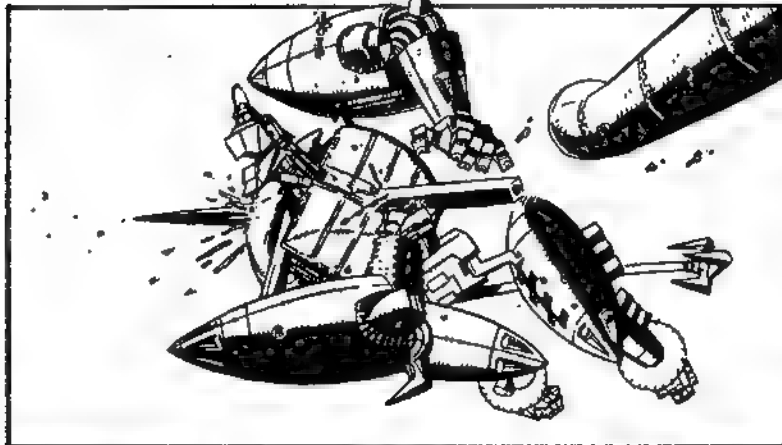
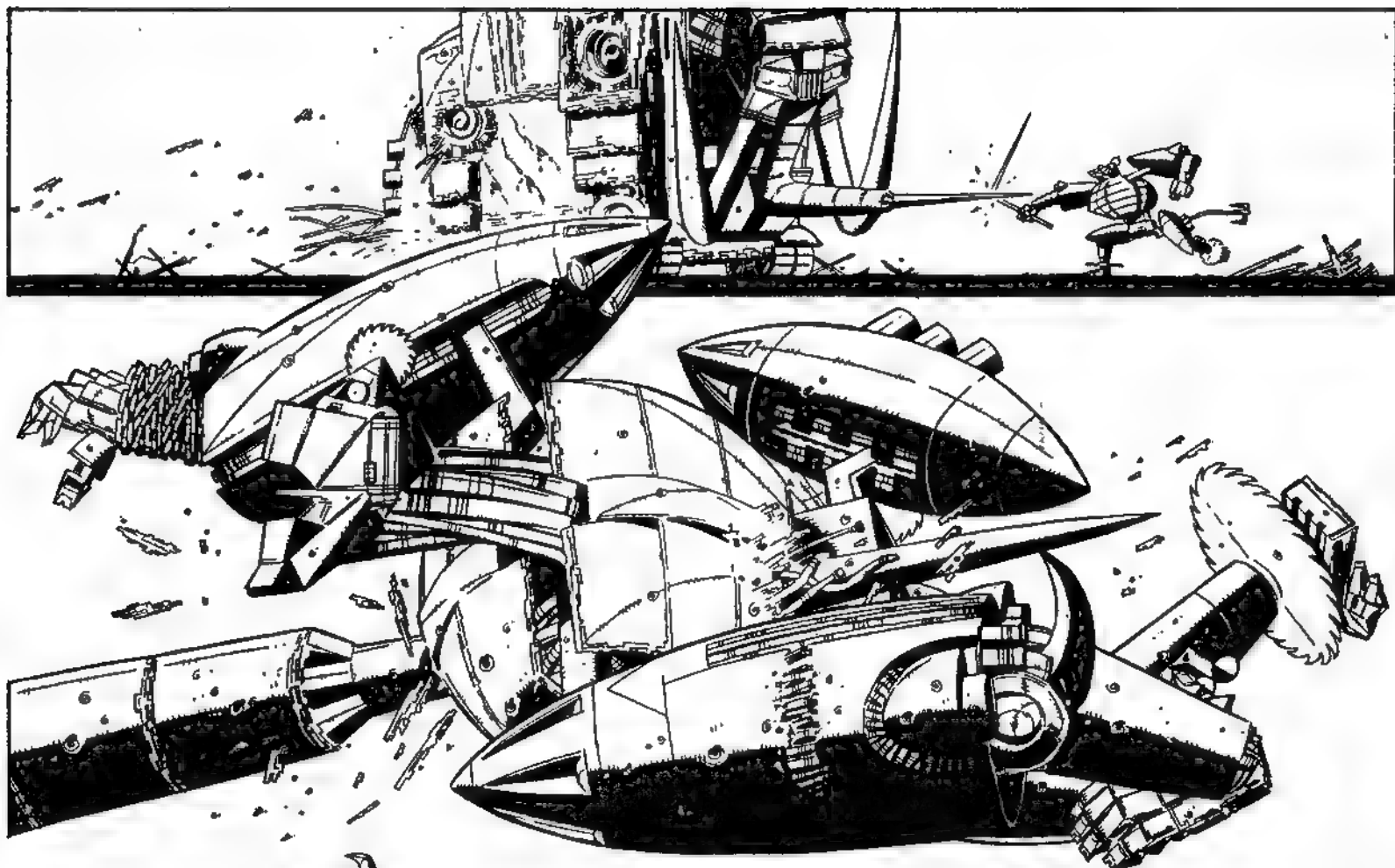
Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

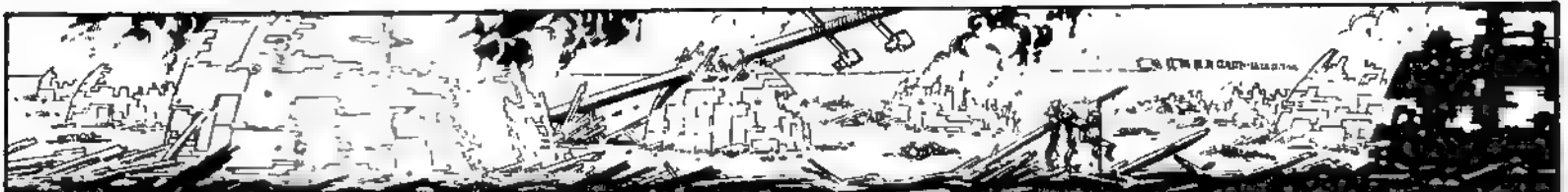
NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable



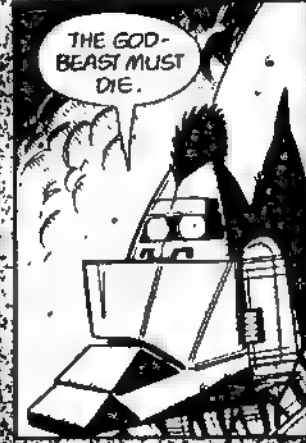


KOOOLA?

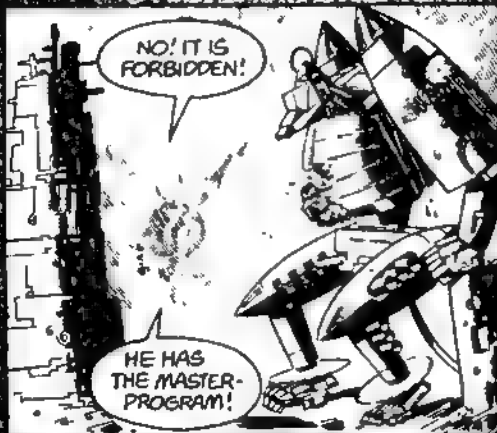
SHE'S GONE,
ARMAGEDDON.



YES IT IS
A LITTLE BIT
ANNOYING...



THE GOD-
BEAST MUST
DIE.



NO! IT IS
FORBIDDEN!

HE HAS
THE MASTER-
PROGRAM!



WITHOUT HIM,
THE HERD CAN'T
BREED--IT WILL
MEAN THE END
OF THE WHEELDE-
BEASTS!

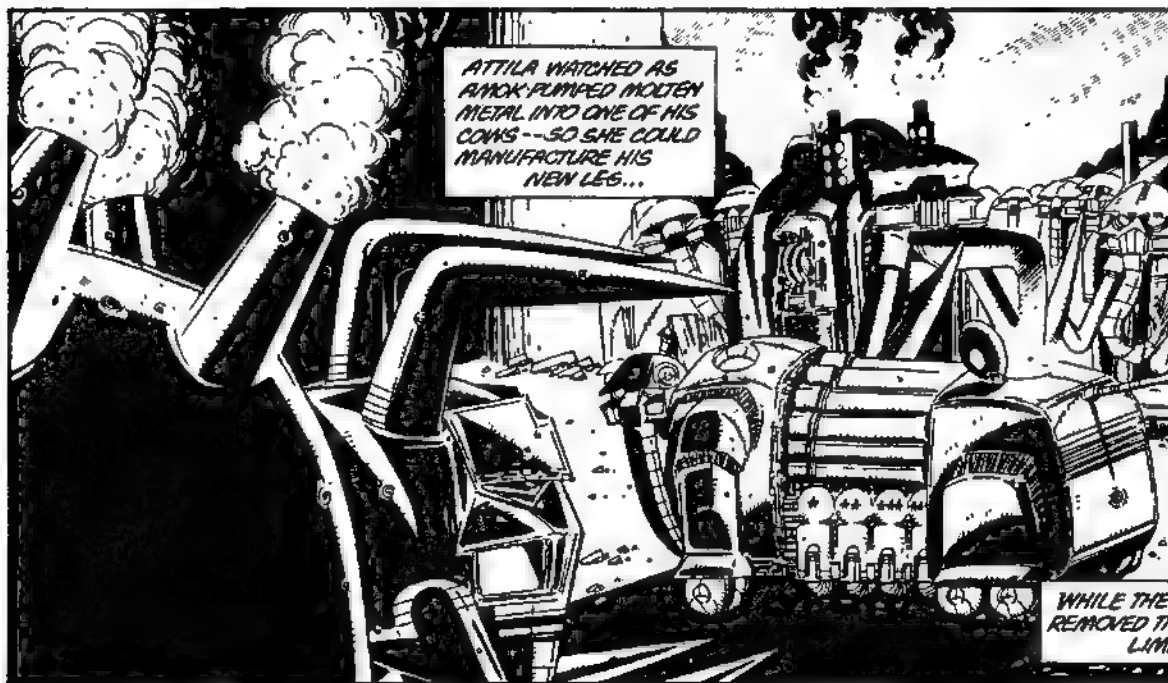
THERE WILL
BE A NEW HERD
LEADER TO
TAKE HIS
PLACE.



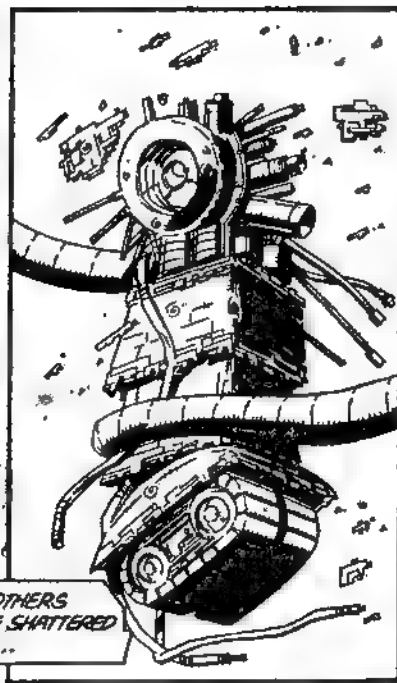
BUT NOT EVEN
YOU CAN KILL
THE GOD-
BEAST!



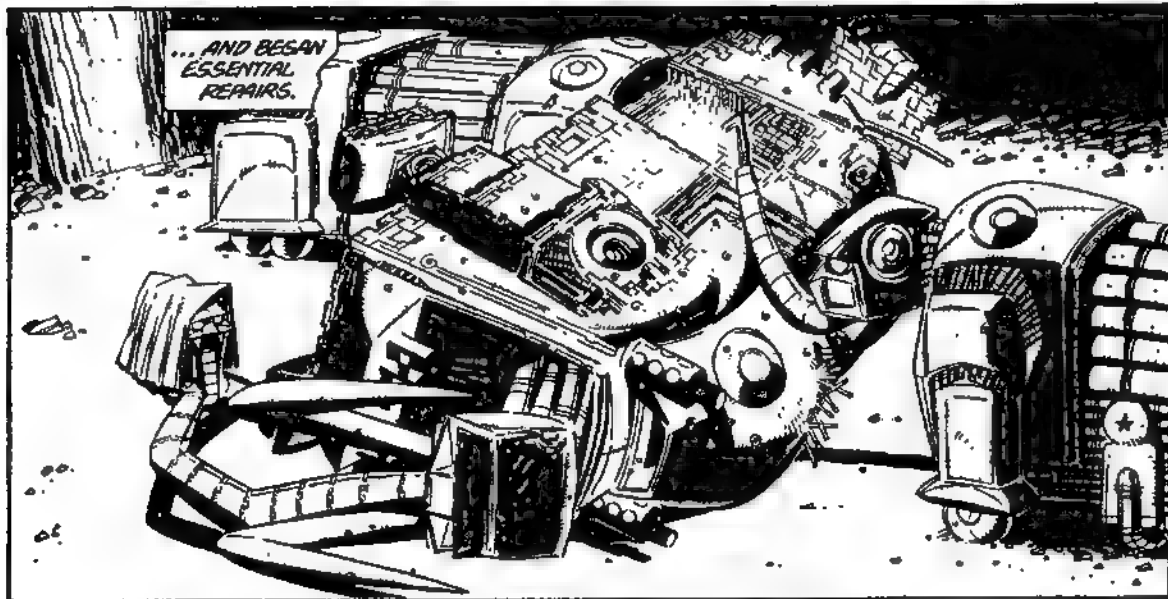
HE WILL BE STRONG... BUT I WILL BE STRONGER.
HE WILL BE SHARP... BUT I WILL BE SHARPER.
TRUTHFULLY, HE WILL PALE IN COMPARISON WITH ME.



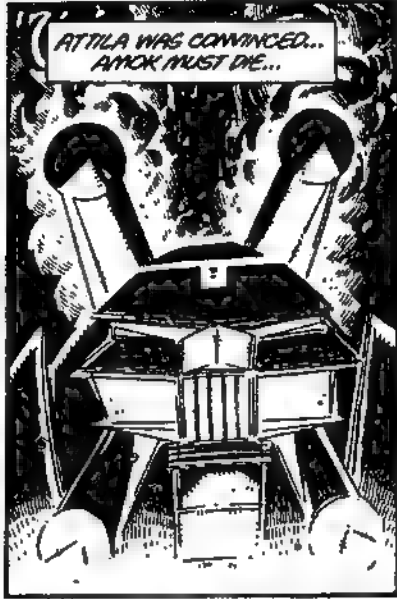
ATTILA WATCHED AS
AMOK PUMPED MOLTEN
METAL INTO ONE OF HIS
CONVS--SO SHE COULD
MANUFACTURE HIS
NEW LEGS...



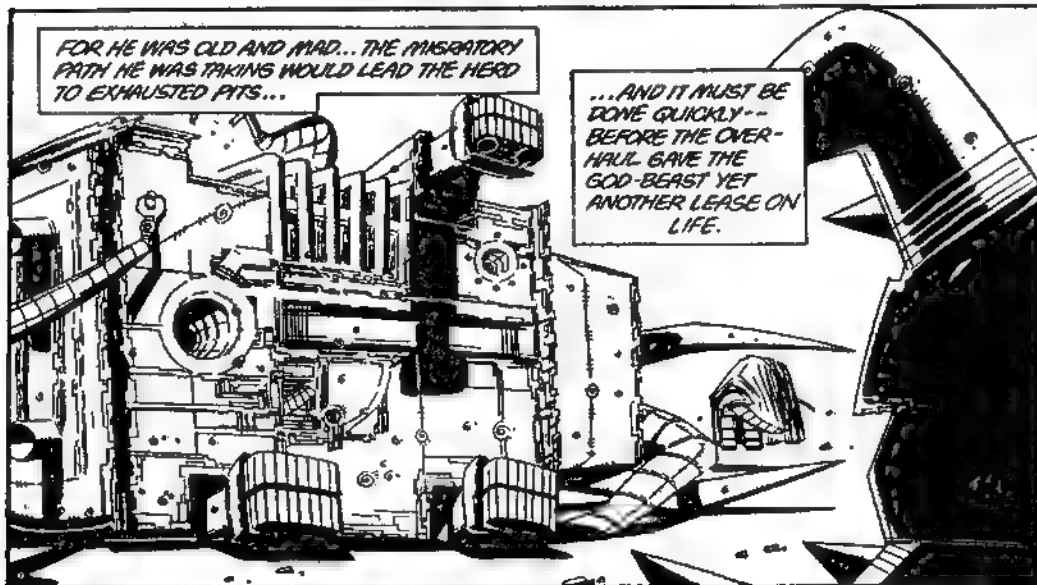
WHILE THE OTHERS
REMOVED THE SHATTERED
LIMB...



...AND BESAN
ESSENTIAL
REPAIRS.



ATTILA WAS CONVINCED...
AMOK MUST DIE...

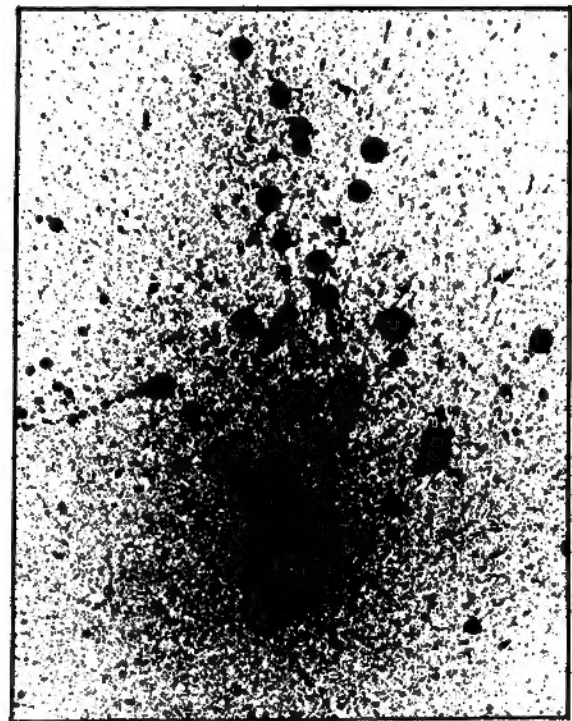
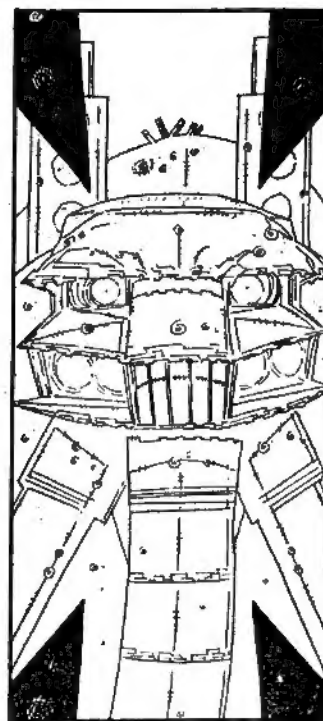
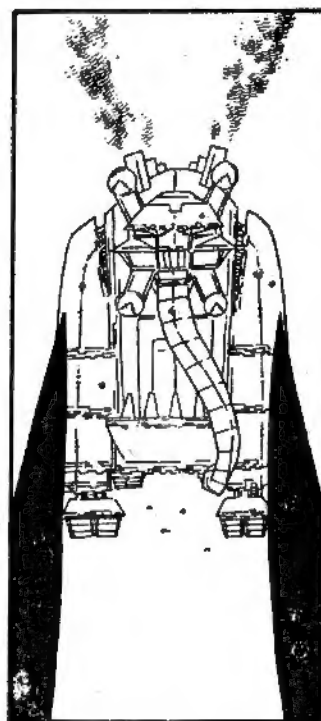
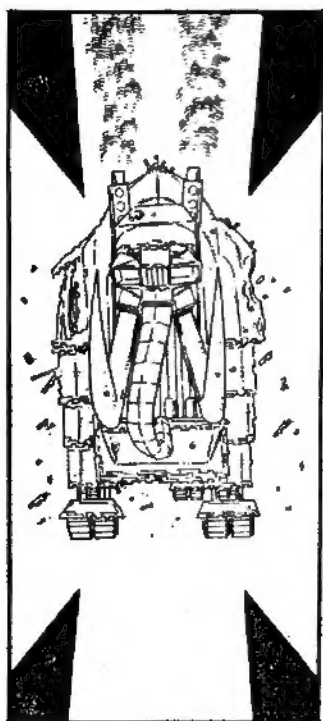
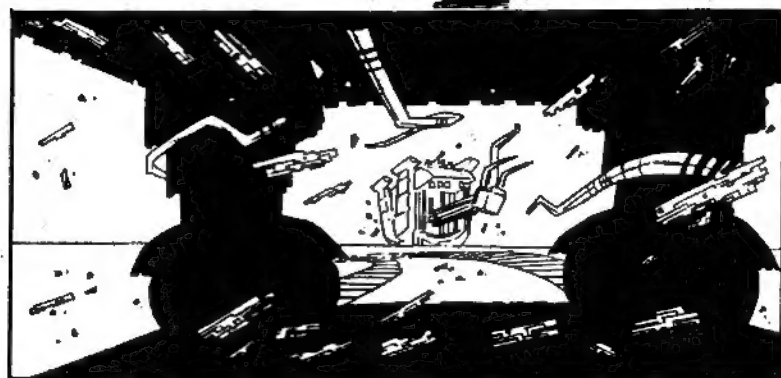
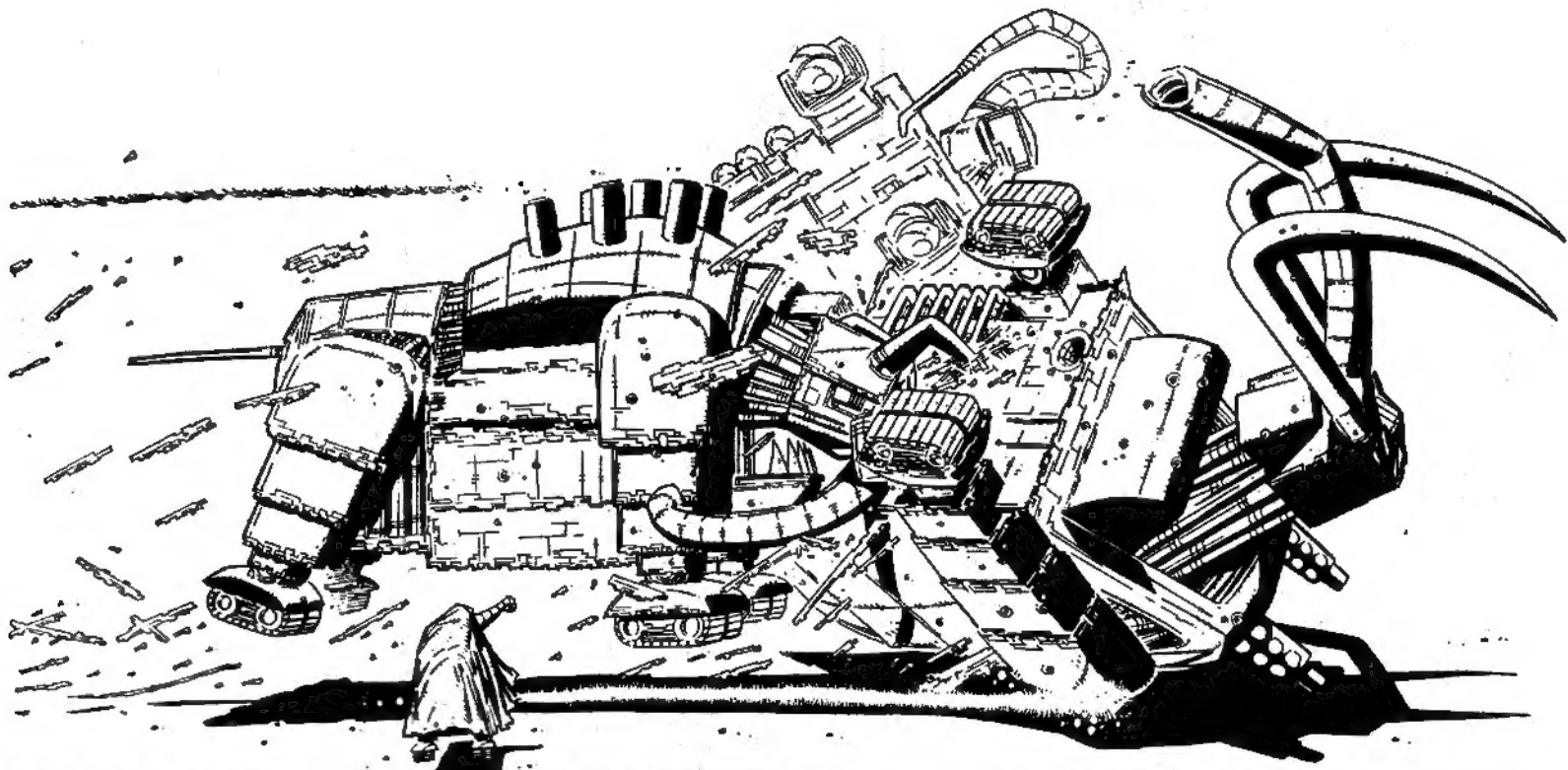


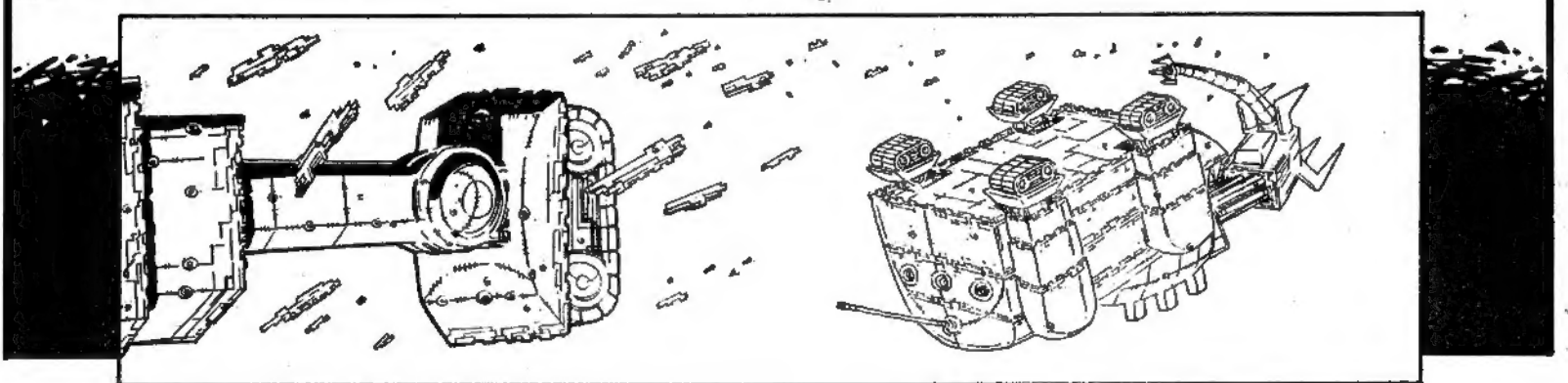
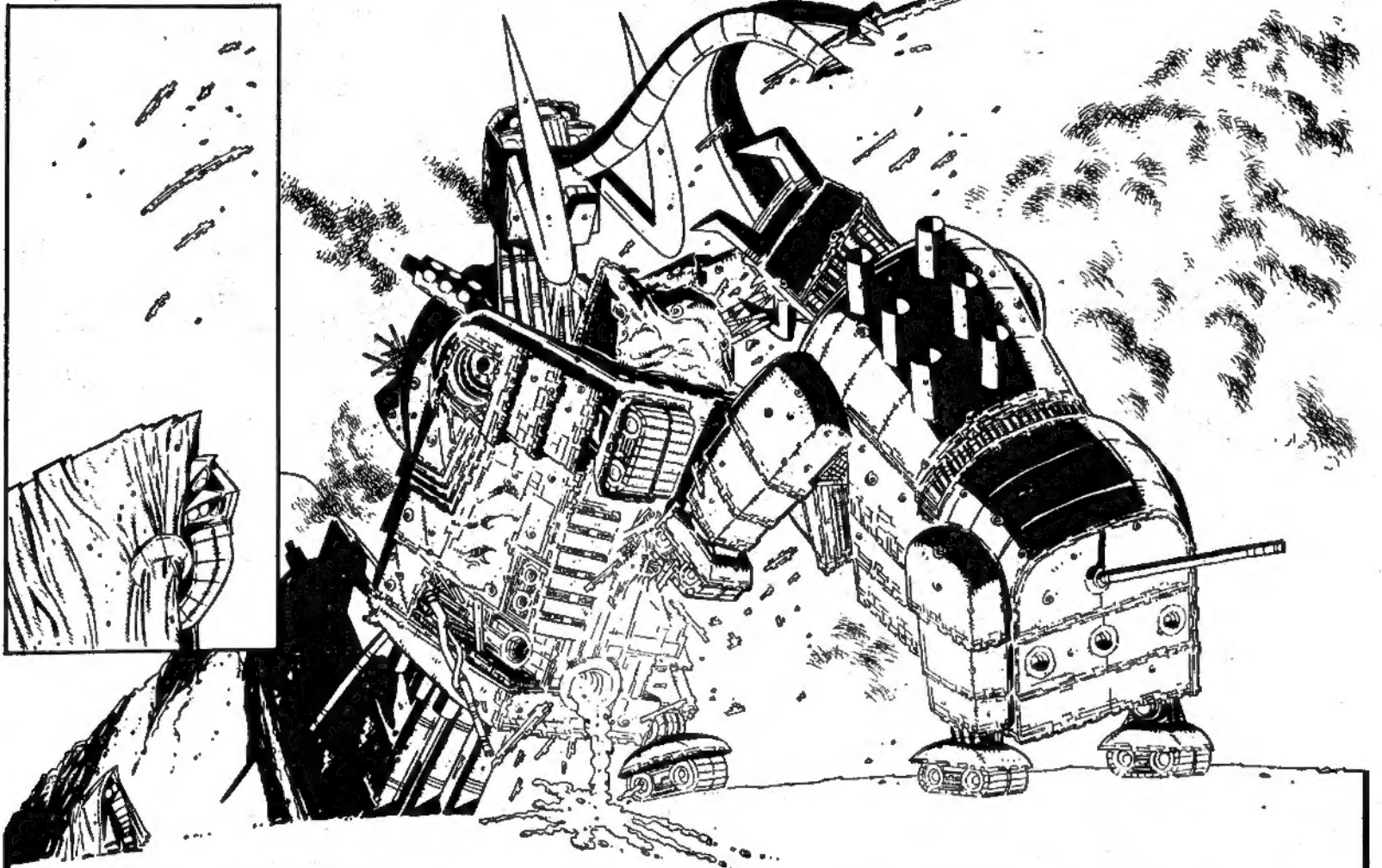
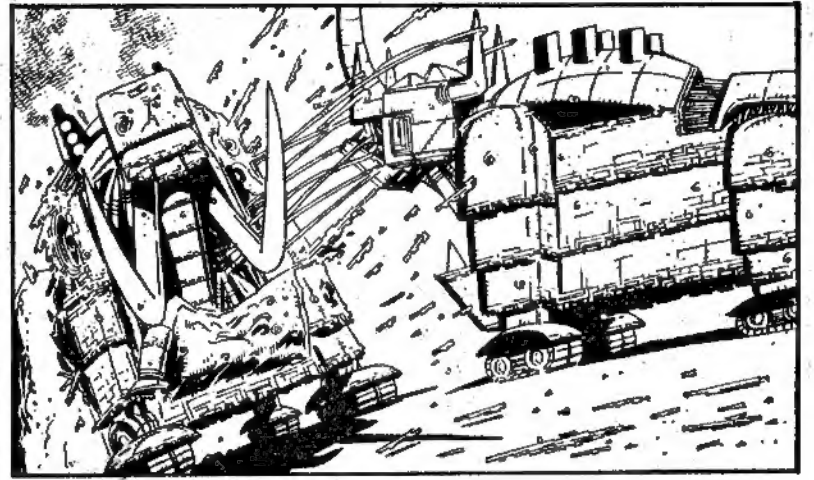
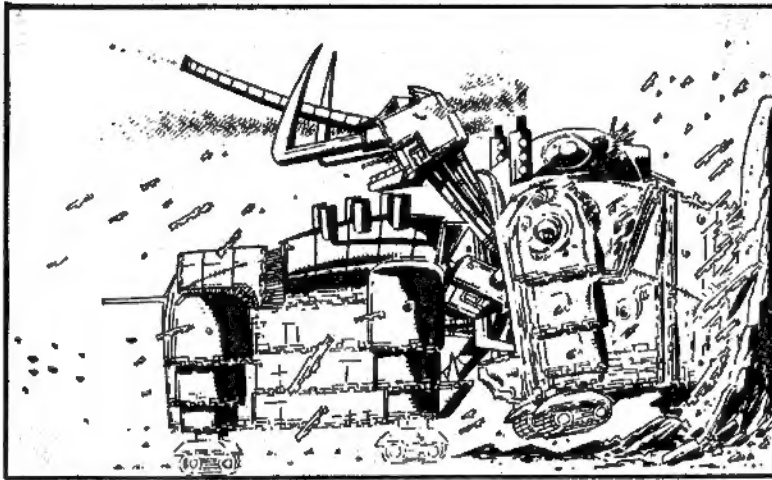
FOR HE WAS OLD AND MAD... THE MISERABLE
PATH HE WAS TAKING WOULD LEAD THE HERD
TO EXHAUSTED PITS...

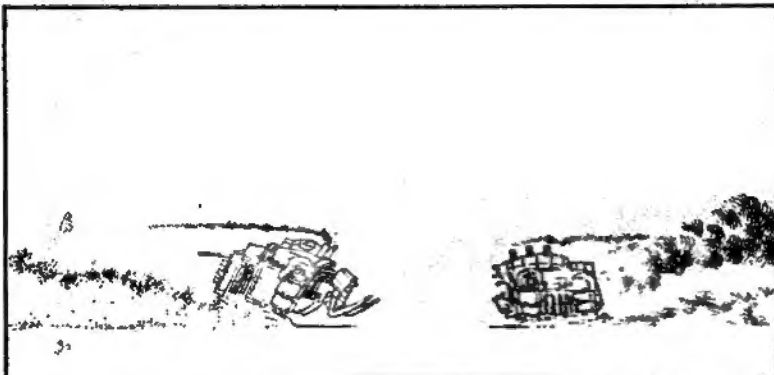
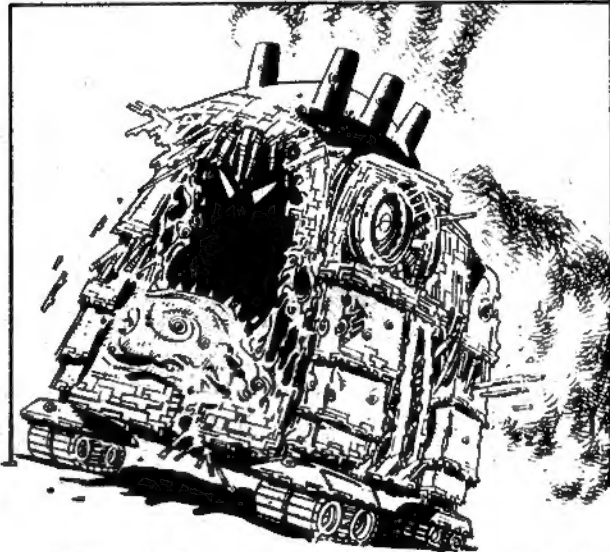
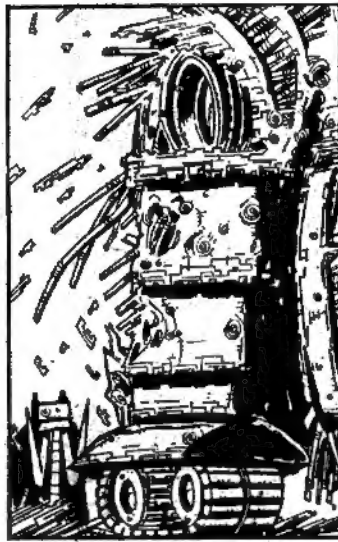
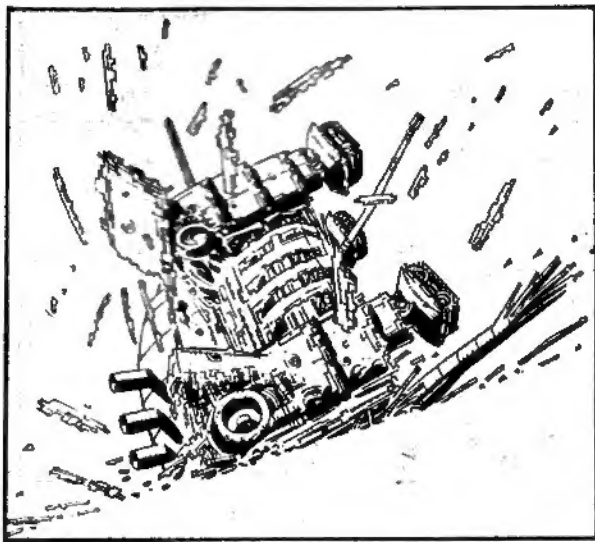
...AND IT MUST BE
DONE QUICKLY--
BEFORE THE OVER-
HAUL GAVE THE
GOD-BEAST YET
ANOTHER LEASE ON
LIFE.



ATTILA SEIZED HIS CHANCE...







AMOK TURNED
HIS EARS ANXIOUSLY
TOWARDS SPACE
AGAIN...

THE NOISE... IT
WAS LOUDER
NOW!

HE STAGGERED ON... THE HERD FOLLOWING...
HE COULD NO LONGER WAIT FOR REPAIRS...

IT WAS ALMOST TIME.

**NEXT PROG:
LAND OF
THE ZINJA!**



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